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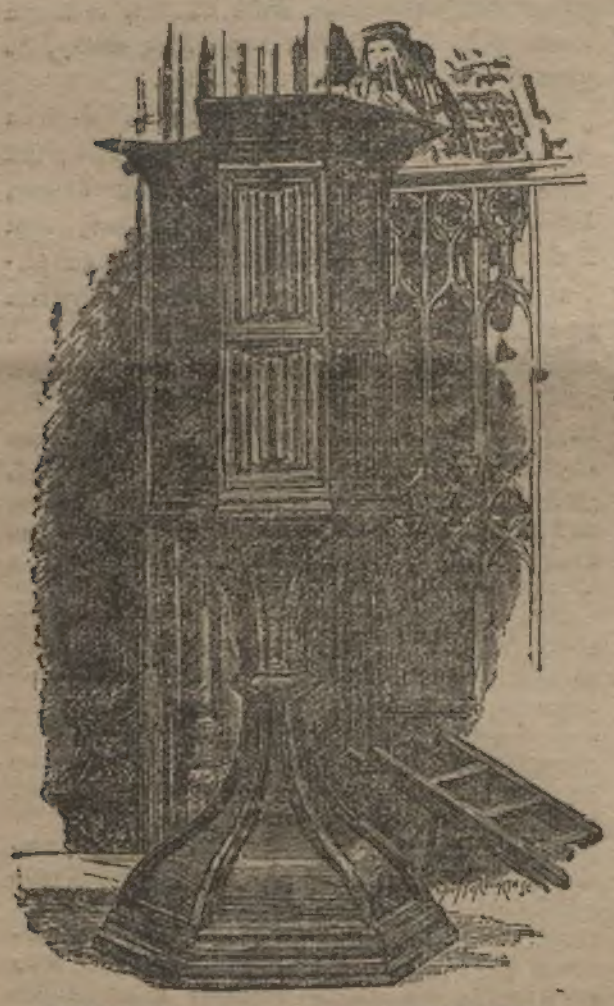
Some Notable Pulpits.

(Fred. Hastings, in 'Sunday at Home.')

CRANMER'S PULPIT.

In Westminster Abbey how many relics remain that are dear to the hearts of Englishmen! Who has not visited the venerable pile, and gazed with reverence upon its historic treasures? Many, however, have overlooked one relic of great worth, the pulpit used by Cranmer and by many great preachers of the time of the Reformation. I went to the Abbey thinking to sketch the pulpit from which I had heard Stanley, Kingsley, Westcott, and others preach, but it is modern, and scarcely comes within the scope of these papers.

In the chapel of Henry VII., I came—in a little recess at the east end—upon that pulpit in which Cranmer preached frequently. It is a tall oaken pulpit of the



CRANMER'S PULPIT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

well-known wine-cup shape, very deep, and arranged so as to hide as much of the preacher as possible. Its panels are of the 'fiddlestick' pattern, and carefully finished. It is entered by steps which have to be lifted and attached by strong hooks. The whole structure looks rather slim though graceful. It is said that Canon Prothero was very heavy and stout, and very nervous about the ability of the pulpit to bear his weight; but he determined to preach from it. It had to be wedged and propped up, then, after much effort and pushing, the heavy Canon was enabled to enter it. He managed to preach therefrom, but his sermon must have been rather tremulous in tone if weighty in matter.

Cranmer preached the sermon at the coronation of Edward VI. from this pulpit. From it also Archbishop Trench, while he was yet Dean of Westminster, preached in January, 1858, at the first of the special evening services in the nave.

Dean Stanley also several times preached from it. Now it is relegated to this corner, where it may be gazed at by the curious, and preserved for posterity. Echoes of tones that once saluted royal ears may yet linger round that pulpit, anyhow its resting-place is over royal dust.

JOHN NEWTON'S PULPIT.

Dodging carts and cabs, waggons and omnibuses, I crossed over from the Mansion House to St. Mary Woolnoth. A ministerial friend whom I met said, 'Let us go in and look at the tablet of the old African blasphemer, as Newton called himself.' My friend has himself, like John Newton, been a sailor in early life. He was feeling the pressure of London work, and said, 'When I get downcast I like to go and look at the tablet on which Newton wrote his own epitaph. It always does me good to think of what the grace of God can do; and, however difficult my work, I feel thankful to him who has put me unexpectedly, like John Newton, into the ministry.'

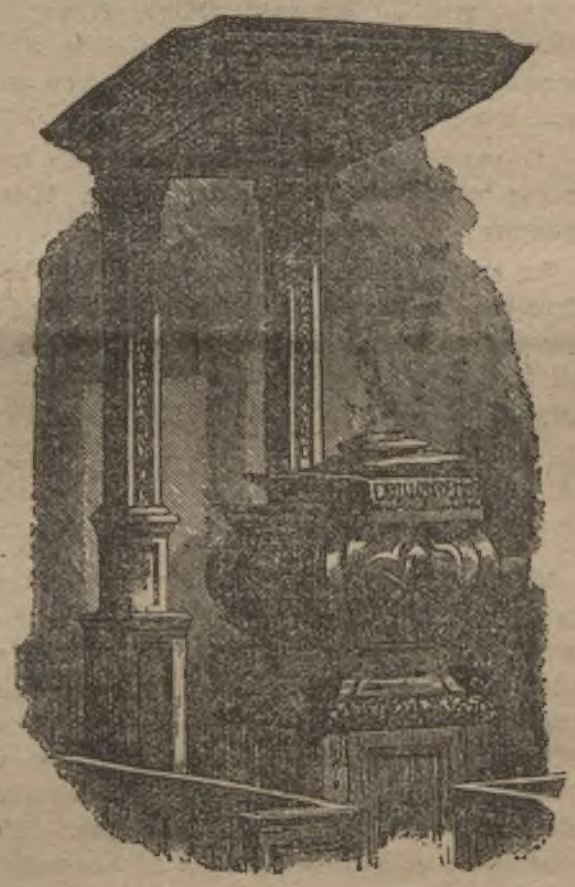
Reverently two London ministerial toilers stand before the tablet, on the left-hand side of the church, and, where a strong light falls upon it. We read:—

JOHN NEWTON, Clerk,
Once an infidel and libertine
A servant of slaves in Africa
Was by the rich mercy of our Lord and
Saviour Jesus Christ,
Preserved, restored, pardoned,
And appointed to preach the faith he
Had long labored to destroy,
Near 16 years at Olney in Bucks,
And 28 years in this church.

On Feb. 1, 1750, he married
MARY,
Daughter of the late George Catlett
Of Chatham, Kent.
He resigned her to the Lord who gave her
On the 15th of December, 1790.

We turn and look at the pulpit in which he had so frequently preached. Most elaborate, massive, and imposing is the structure. It must have cost an enormous amount, but then it stands in the place where the rich bankers and merchants congregate, and money would be easily found to pay for such a pulpit. We picture to ourselves the venerable old man, leaning over that sacred desk, and persuading earnestly his hearers to love the Saviour who had so marvellously saved him. We think of how his words would come with great force to those who knew anything of the story of his life. We try, in imagination, to catch the tones of the man who had deserted his ship, been caught, whipped, degraded from being a midshipman to become a common sailor, then a servant on a plantation, the half-starved slave, the ship-wrecked mariner, the infidel blasphemer, the slave-trader, then the man who studied Euclid to draw off his mind from the pangs of hunger, the trusted captain filling up his leisure by studying Juvenal or Horace, the tide-surveyor, and, lastly, the fervent preacher of the Christ's Gospel. What a life the man had! He felt that he was just the one to preach the Gospel. That which stirred him to do so was reading the account Paul gave of himself in Galatians i., 23, 24. As the Apostle had been called from being a persecutor, 'to preach the faith he once destroyed,' so Newton desired to proclaim the glory of that which had lifted him up from despair to delight, from the power of sin to sonship with Christ.

After being ordained by the Bishop of Lincoln, Newton went to Olney as a curate, and there he labored, and was most useful not only in helping the general parishioners but in cheering the despond-



JOHN NEWTON'S PUPLPIT, ST. MARY WOOLNOTH.

ing poet Cowper. Here he remained until he was presented by one who was his great friend, Mr. Thornton, a wealthy city man, to the living of St. Mary Woolnoth.

We are not surprised that, placed in a position of so much influence, he should have written:—

'That one of the most ignorant, the most miserable, and the most abandoned of slaves should be plucked from his forlorn state of exile on the coast of Africa, and at length appointed minister of the parish of the first magistrate of the first city of the world—that he should there not only testify of such grace, but stand up as a singular instance and monument of it—that he should be enabled to record it in his history, preaching, and writings to the world at large—is a fact I can contemplate with admiration, but never sufficiently estimate.'

He did not manage to attract as many of the wealthy sinners to hear him as he

wished. He rejoiced to have the poor but he felt that the rich needed the Gospel. As they would not come and sit in front of the elaborate pulpit and hear his voice, he addressed to them two distinct circulars. He pitied them, and said:—

'I always consider the rich as under greater obligations to the preaching of the Gospel than the poor. For at church they must hear the whole truth as well as others. There they have no mode of escape. But let them once get home, and you will be troubled to get at them; and when you are admitted, you are so fettered with punctilio, so interrupted and damped with the frivolous conversation of their friends, that, as Archbishop Leighton says, it is well if your visit does not prove a blank or a blot.'

Newton's pity for the wealthy is illustrated by an incident told of him. Coming out of church on a Wednesday, a lady stopped him on the steps, and said: 'The ticket of which I held a quarter has drawn a prize of ten thousand pounds; I know you will congratulate me on the occasion.' "Madam,' he replied, 'as for a friend under temptation, I will endeavor to pray for you.'

When Newton had become eighty years old, his friends were anxious about him, and feared the exertion of preaching would be too much. One said: 'Might it not be better to consider your work as done, and stop before you evidently discover you can speak no longer?'

'I cannot stop,' said Newton, with energy; 'what, shall the old African blasphemer stop while he can speak?'

In that dark massive oaken pulpit before me he preached so long as he had power and breath, and many were started on the better way of life through such preaching.

A Dying Woman's Vision of Christ.

Mr. T. C. Willett, of Ch'ung-k'ing, says in 'China's Millions': 'Mrs. Yang, a member of the Ch'ung-k'ing church lived at the little village of Han-kuh Ch'ang, some twenty miles away from the city. She was brought to the Lord some eight years before by the loving ministry of another Christian woman, during an illness. In that little village she sought in her daily life to follow her Master. After some seven years of Christian life, dropsy developed, and it was only a question of time ere she should depart to be with Christ. One Sunday evening, just after the close of the afternoon service, a messenger arrived with a letter telling us she was no more. When told she was about to die, she confidently said, "No! I'm not going to die; I'm going to live." Her simple faith had laid hold of Life, and would not allow that it was death. Whilst sitting up one afternoon, supported by her spiritual mother, who had often ministered to her, she saw as it were the heavens opened, and said, "I see a bright, golden Person standing," and then, with outstretched arms and ready heart, she entered the King's presence, to be for ever with him. She had exchanged the tiny home amid the surroundings of a Chinese village for the courts of the King's house. The night after receiving the letter I reached the village, and there by the coffin we held an impressive service, attended by a great number of people. Early next morning we laid her body to rest among the graves of heathen relatives.—'Christian Herald.'

Postal Crusade.

Dear Editor,—Kindly acknowledge the following amounts. $1.70 for Mr. Lafiamme's fund; this from Mrs. Leaman, of Otter Lake, and Mr. Hamilton, of Sault St. Marie. Also $1.00 from Mrs. Mat. Henderson, of Condi, Assa., and $1.00 from A Friend, of Moose Creek, Ont. These last amounts to be used for 'Northern Messengers' to India.

From the India mail-bag I glean these remarks: 'The 'Westminster' is greatly liked by one of the young Hindus. As for our Christians, they are mostly taken by the Montreal 'Witness' and the 'Northern Messenger.' The former is a great favorite. I attribute this to the fact that while its tone is healthy and wholesome from cover to cover, it is not exclusively devoted to religious topics.'

A well-known prominent missionary of thirty years' experience in India, writes: 'Many thanks for your "Baby" (this is the little paper just being issued, called 'Post-Office Crusade,' whose mission is to collect funds systematically for literature to be sent by mail). I sent it,' she continues, 'to a medical missionary who is doing a splendid work among the high caste. In reply the medical missionary wrote: "I shall certainly write to Mrs. Cole. I never knew that such a plan existed, but I could weep for joy to know of it, for there is such a need."'

This medical missionary's letter came to me (such a nice one), and was it not a comfort to have that five-dollar gold piece waiting with it. I sent her all the publications of the 'Witness' Office. Four weekly papers will go regularly to this medical missionary, who writes: 'There are a number of high caste Hindu graduates of the Christian College in Madras who are continually asking for reading matter, and I am not able to supply them.'

This letter will appear in full, with the name and address, in October or November number of the 'Post-Office Crusade.'

Papers have also been ordered with the funds received from Condi and Otter Lake. One of these goes to the son of a Eurasian widow whose husband was a missionary, and another has been ordered for his brother. One day the door-bell rang, and on answering, I saw the sweetest little woman imaginable, with a charming little boy.

'Is this Mrs. Cole?' she enquired brightly.

'Yes,' I replied.

'I've come to ask you about the 'Post-Office Crusade.' Is there a society, and are you the secretary?'

I told her how it came about, and that the principal supporters were readers of a paper left by the late John Dougall to be a missionary paper.

She was amazed to find how far the work extended, and said, 'Oh, how glad I am. It is just what we want in India. I am a missionary under the Presbyterian Board. I return to India soon, and I will tell our missionaries all about it, and I will give you all the help I can.' Then she told me of this Eurasian family, where there were six young boys and no paper for them to read. I said: 'If you get me their address I have the money to pay for a year's paper to two of them.' So she had her husband procure the correct address, and if those boys in India read this letter, they will know how we in Canada found them away off in India.

M. EDWARDS-COLE,
112 Irvine avenue,

Bringing Others to Christ.

You are not too young to bring others to Christ. A missionary in India was sent for, to go into an obscure village and baptize seventy adult native converts. He was examining the candidates when he saw in the corner a lad of fifteen, and questioned him. When he learned that he, too, wanted to join the church, the missionary urged him to wait until he was older, and confirmed in the faith. At once all the people sprang up and cried, 'Why, sir, he is the one who taught us all we know about Christ!'

You are not too ignorant to bring others to Christ. The Rev. L. Hudson Taylor, the famous missionary to China, illustrates this truth with a candle. When do you expect it to give out light? When it is half burned down? No; as soon as you light it. The demoniac whom Christ healed wanted to remain with Christ, to learn from him; but Christ sent him away, to preach the Gospel in ten cities.

Begin with the person next you. A man was once praying for an unconverted neighbor: 'Touch him with thy finger, Lord!' Suddenly the thought came, 'Am I God's finger?' He spoke to his neighbor, and won a soul for Christ. Spurgeon had the spirit of Andrew and Philip. One day a lad was showing him to a church where he was to preach. He asked the boy, in his great-hearted way, 'Do you love my Master?' The boy stopped and said, 'Mr. Spurgeon, for years I have shown ministers to the church, and not one has ever asked me that question.' The result was a new life for Christ.

Don't wait for others to ask you to bring them to Christ. An experienced bathing master says he has seen many men overcome in the water and all go down without a sound or an outcry. It is the same with drowning souls. Christ would never have had that talk with the woman at Sychar if he had waited for her to begin it.

Sometimes your victories will be in unexpected places. There is a remarkable collection of gold nuggets whose chief trophy is one worth $985. It is so enormous that when it was discovered it was at first tossed aside without a suspicion that it could be gold. You may make just such a spiritual discovery.

And, finally, expect to win souls. A minister once came to Spurgeon and said dolefully, 'I have been preaching for so many years, and hardly any have been converted.'

'Why, man alive!' exclaimed the great preacher, 'you didn't expect that every time you preached a sermon somebody would be converted, did you?'

'No, of course I didn't expect that.'

'Well, that's why they weren't converted.'—'Union Gospel News.'

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Nurse, Our Carter and Agnes

(Margaret Monk, in the 'Sunday Friend.')

Even during childhood we sometimes have our little share in the grave scenes which fall to the lot of those older ones among whom we live.

The following recollections are very sober ones, connected with the time when one of my brothers and myself became aware that Nurse was most carefully cogitating whether she should accept the position of third wife to our Carter.

We felt a great respect for our Carter, because, as Nurse said, he had such beautiful manners, and there was a further tie between us on account of sundry apples and Spanish chestnuts which he had given us.

Although we called him 'our' carter, he really was not in the least bit ours, for he was carter to a farmer whose homestead joined our garden.

Father was a doctor, and Aunt Gertrude lived with us, for mother was dead.

There were three of us, John, who went to school, Lionel and myself; my name was Ruth.

Lionel was eight, and I was six.

We were both with Nurse a good deal and so we were naturally very much interested when we found that our Carter had 'proposed' to her.

Lionel heard of it first and told me. I never quite knew what was the source of his information, but I did not wonder, for it seemed to me natural that he should know everything. Although our Carter had been twice a widower, he was not a very old man, I do not think he was more than fifty.

When Lionel told me the news, I did not say very much, but I thought it over, and later in the day I remember asking him:

'Do you think that Nurse had better marry our Carter?'

We were busy making paper of silver-weed at the time in a paper-mill of Lionel's invention. He stopped in his work at my question, and his reply showed that he had been thinking far more deeply than I had.

'I doubt,' he said, 'whether our Carter knows how fond Nurse is of "ordering about"; you see, Ruth, here Nurse does pretty well as she likes, and we have to do what she says, but our Carter won't, I expect.'

I felt the great weight of this reasoning, for, as I have said, in the unbiassed days of my childhood, I recognized clearly the fact of masculine superiority in Lionel.

I returned to our paper-making and to thought.

Presently I spoke again.

'I wonder what Agnes thinks of it.'

'So do I, let us go and ask her,' said my brother.

Agnes was our Carter's sister. She had given up her place as a servant to come and live with him, when his last wife died.

In the years that have passed since these incidents happened, the characters of Nurse and our Carter have often repeated themselves in my life, but Agnes's was a rarer spirit, and that simple, bright friend of our childhood still holds a special place in my mind as a treasured remembrance of most real unselfishness.

The idea having been started that we should interview Agnes, the next thing was to carry it out, and Nurse being, as everyone will understand, in a pre-occupied condition of mind, Lionel and I boldly walked off without her being at all the wiser.

Our Carter's cottage stood a very little way down the road from our gate, and we were very soon knocking at the door of it.

Agnes opened it, and was surprised at seeing us alone, for I was but rarely allowed to go out without Nurse.

She asked us to walk in and we gravely did so and sat down.

Now that we had come we did not know how to open the subject, at least, Lionel did not, for, of course, he was to be spokesman.

There was a dead silence; Agnes waited, thinking we must have brought a message.

At last Lionel made up his mind to begin, by saying,

'Agnes, do you wish our Carter to marry?'

She looked quite amused at the idea and replied,

'Of course not, Master Lionel, I never think of such a thing.'

'But if he should marry?' Lionel said, looking at Agnes rather anxiously.

'Oh! he will not; he told me when I gave up my place, which was like a home to me, that of course he could not ask it, but that he meant to give me a home instead, for he hoped to be spared many years.'

I don't think I really understood it all, but something made me feel inclined to cry, and when I looked at Lionel and saw him looking very uncomfortable too, I could control my feelings no longer.

'They shan't do it! They shan't do it!' I cried, as I ran to Agnes and put my arms round her neck.

Poor Agnes! She was quite bewildered, but she lifted me on to her knee and tried to comfort me, saying, with the sweet, bright smile that always attracted us, 'Never mind, Miss Ruth, it will be all right, I am sure.'

Lionel had too much dignity to get out of the difficulty by tears, so he got out of it like a man.

He slipped off his chair, and came and stood by Agnes, and he said,

'You see, we cannot help knowing that our Carter wants to marry Nurse, and we came to ask you whether you would like it.'

I felt Agnes hold me tighter as he spoke. I know now that it is no uncommon thing that the niche which one person has happily filled and which they looked on as theirs, should suddenly be appropriated by another who has as much right to it. Yet, in spite of the justice of the exchange, the process of loosening from the wall to make room for the new occupant is an effort, and sharp tools have to be used in effecting it. Since I have understood more about it, I have always hoped the breaking of the news to Agnes by our childish voices, and in our childish way, may have put the first loosening chisel in a little more gently than would otherwise have happened.

A few days later, when, I presume, matters had been suitably arranged between our Carter and Nurse, as we were returning from a walk, Nurse said that she would go in and see Agnes. She prudently left us to play by a brook at a little distance from the cottage.

We had a deeply interesting time with the minnows and caddis-worms, but, for all that, we saw Nurse come out, and noticed that, in taking leave, she kissed Agnes.

Nurse then called to us to come, and Agnes went indoors again.

As we passed the cottage, Lionel pushed open the door, meaning to go and speak to Agnes, and I was following him, when he quickly and softly shut it again, and pulled me back.

'What is it?' I said, 'I want to go in.'

'Then you can't!' he politely replied, and after a pause he added, still gruffly, 'She was—she was kneeling down.'

After this I have no further remembrance of what happened until the wedding, except that I one day heard someone remark, I will not say who, 'That if she were Agnes, she would not be sent from pillar to post and take it so quietly.'

The wedding was a grand occasion.

Nurse wore a dress which we liked especially, because it was the same color as our favorite Alderney cow. Our Carter simply looked magnificent.

Lionel and I asked if we might sit with Agnes at the service, and afterwards she came back with us to the wedding breakfast, which was at our home.

In the afternoon we went with Agnes to the station, for she was going to a new place as Nurse.

She seemed quite happy, but, as she kissed me, just before the train started, I felt something on her cheek and I knew that it was a tear.

All Things.

(Hope Daring, in 'American Messenger.')

'Something is puzzling the child,' and Grandma Granger peered through the screen in the window of her sitting-room. 'I'll not worry, though. It's good for the young to ponder the words of the Bible.'

The scene upon which her eyes rested was a quiet one. Two sides of the corner room were bordered by a wide veranda. The sunlight was shut out by climbing vines and an awning. In the hammock, Alice Curtis, a girl of seventeen, was lying, a Bible in her hand.

Alice was spending a fortnight with her grandmother. That morning she had carried her Bible out to the hammock to prepare her lesson for the coming Sunday evening devotional meeting.

Grandma went back to her rocking-chair and lace-making. In a few minutes Alice entered the room, the puzzled look still upon her face.

'I come to you with so many things, Grandma, that I thought I would study this one out for myself, but it's no use trying. Don't you think the Bible hard to understand?' Alice asked, sitting down on an ottoman close to her grandmother's side.

'No, dearie, not now. I have learned to wait for God's Spirit to make it plain. What is it that is troubling you?'

'Something in the third chapter of the Second Corinthians.'

'Oh, that is a blessed chapter! It is abou'

the temple of God?' reverently inquired Grandma.

'No, it is a little further on. It says, "all things are yours." What does that mean?'

'Just what it says, dear.'

There was a brief silence. The old lady had laid aside her lace, and one of Alice's dimpled hands stole up to nestle in the wrinkled one of her grandmother. The girl's clear, gray eyes were fixed upon the floor.

'Grace and goodness and—just spiritual things, Grandma?'

'I think not. Saint Paul mentioned the world and things present. Material things are from God.'

'Who is to have "all things."'

'God's children. You and I, Alice. "Ye are Christ's."'

Another silence. Mrs. Granger leaned nearer Alice.

'I could help you better, dear heart, if I knew the particular one of these "all things" of which you are thinking.'

'My music, Grandma. You know how I long for it. Papa cannot send me to a conservatory. If all things are mine, why is not a musical education among them?'

'It is, child, unless God sees that it is not for your good. Alice, why do you wish to study music?'

Frankly the childlike eyes were lifted to the face of the questioner.

'Because I hunger to express myself—the real me—in music.'

'I understand, dear. God gave you that hunger. He will satisfy it. Alice, be patient. Expect this; it is yours. Work for it. It is part of God's plan that we should not only long and pray for what we desire, but that we should also labor for it. Other work may come to you first, and that work may be one of the things that are yours. "All things" are yours, my darling, as you trust God for them and take them.'

'I see.' Alice's head was on Grandma's knee. 'I see, and it means so much. I've been so anxious for the one thing, that I've been refusing some of the things that might lead up to it. I will think it over and tell you.'

At that moment a man who had been sitting on the veranda rose and tiptoed away. It was Frank Granger, Grandma's youngest son. He was an author and was spending the summer at the old home.

As he had been sitting round the corner of the veranda, Alice had not known of his presence. The attention of Mr. Granger had been arrested by one of Alice's questions, and he had become so interested in his mother's words that he forgot the conversation was not intended for his ears.

He hurried down the lane, wishing to be alone for a time.

Frank Granger was ambitious. A moderate degree of success had come to him. Of the future he expected much. A week before he had finished a book manuscript which he confidently hoped would bring him fame and fortune.

'All things are yours.' 'Ye are Christ's.' The two phrases rang in his ears. Unconsciously he spoke aloud.

'I am sure Murray and Cooper will bring out my book and pay me well for it. I admit I have pandered to the taste of which their publications are leading examples. My book is not immoral. Neither is it one of the things which are Christ's.'

He was capable of better work than this, yet the better work might not find so ready a market. The book, in its present form, would not be the success of which he had once dreamed. He was a Christian—one to whom it had been said, 'all things are yours.'

'I will.' He lifted his face to the midsummer sky. 'I will remember that all things are mine and will work and wait for them. To-morrow I will commence to rewrite this book. I will make it something of which I may be proud.'

At the tea table that evening, Alice nodded across at Grandma.

'I have written to papa, telling him I will take the school. They offered me the school at home, but I declined because I wanted to study music.'

'Why have you changed your mind?'

'Why, don't you see, Grandma? Teaching school is one of the other things. I will do it as well as I can, and the money I earn will help me study music. You taught me that "things" means just what it says.'

'You are right, girlie,' Uncle Frank said gravely.

Bobby and Beth.

'Girls don't have to do anything!' declared Bobby, as he sat down with a thump on the shoe-box in grandmother's room. 'Girls don't have to feed hens or fill the wood-box. I wish I was a girl, so I do.'

'Girls don't have to do anything!' exclaimed Grandmother Stone, in surprise. 'Well, well, well! You come with me a minute, Bobby, and we'll see if you are right.'

Bobby followed grandmother into the sitting-room. But when they got there both were surprised, for sitting in the big rocker was Beth, her eyes full of tears.

'I wish I was a boy, same as Bobby,' she said sorrowfully. 'I'm tired as anything dusting rooms. Boys don't have to dust or mend stockings or do anything. Oh, dear, dear, dear!' and Beth hid her curly head in the duster and sobbed.

'Well, I never did!' exclaimed grandmother. 'Suppose you do Bobby's work today and he will do yours. I know that he will be delighted to exchange work with you.'

But would you believe it? Grandmother was mistaken, for Bobby shook his head.

'I'm going to feed the hens myself,' he said decidedly.

Beth wiped her eyes in a hurry. 'Girls never fill wood-boxes,' she murmured.

Then they both laughed and stopped grumbling for that day.—'Our Sunday Afternoon.'

Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

'Daily Witness,' post paid, $3 a year.
'Weekly Witness,' post paid, $1 a year.
'World Wide,' post paid, $1 a year.
'Northern Messenger,' post paid, 30c year.

Chicago keepers of restaurants with bar attachments are tired of giving away a quarter's worth of lunch with a nickel drink. They have decided to start a legislative crusade against the free lunch.

The Way of Truth.

(Cora S. Day, in 'American Messenger.')

'Now, Miss Curtis, some dictation, please,' and the business man wheeled around in his revolving chair, and pulled out the slide of his desk, ready for his stenographer's notebook.

'Yes, sir,' she replied, promptly, and laying aside the work over which she was busy at her own desk, she crossed the office and was soon making her nimble pencil fly, taking down in queer lines and pothooks, the letters her employer dictated.

Quite a bunch of them there were; for this man was the head of a large business house, and every day the mails brought many letters to be answered.

The days were filled to the utmost with work for Miss Curtis. But she was too glad to have the position with its liberal salary, to complain at the amount of work she was called upon to do, so long as it did not really overtax her strength.

Aside from the salary, she liked the position best of any she had filled. Mr. Brown was kindness and courtesy personified, and in many little ways made the rather exacting position of his stenographer a pleasant one. She often thought with relieved satisfaction, that he was agreeably different from a former employer who had told her once that he considered her in exactly the same light as he did the machine she manipulated so deftly—that she and it represented to him only the capacity for so much work, and that the thought that she might have personal views or feelings in regard to that work, had never occurred to him, until she protested against some unjust demand upon her time and services. She had resigned, at that, and was glad of it now that she had obtained this better position. Mr. Brown, too, expected her to do good and faithful work. But he did not put more into her hands than she could do without overwork; and when there came a day when there was a little less to do than usual, and she finished before closing time, he very kindly suggested that she go home early.

It was rather an ideal position, she had decided in the two weeks she had been there. She hoped to hold it for a long time, and work up a thorough knowledge of the business, so that she might become more and more valuable and indispensable. Mr. Brown picked up the tenth letter to be answered, glanced over it thoughtfully, and began to dictate as follows:

'Kirk, Freeland & Co.,

'Gentlemen: In reply to your letter of the 17th inst., making inquiry in regard to goods recently consigned to our house, I would say that—' and the business man went calmly on making a statement which Miss Curtis knew to be false. She paused involuntarily and glanced up.

'Too fast for you?' asked Mr. Brown, pleasantly.

'No, sir. But that last sentence—' and she hesitated. How could she tell him that she did not wish to write it, knowing as she did that it was not true? And yet how could she write a lie? He misunderstood her meaning. Thinking she had not heard it, he repeated the offending statement clearly.

Still she hesitated, and a little puzzled frown was between his brows as she looked up into his face again.

'But, sir,' she faltered, 'that statement

is not—I cannot put that in—I—' and then he understood, and the puzzled frown changed to an angry one. 'I alone am responsible for the statements I make in my letters. You are supposed to take anything I dictate. Shall we go on now!' in a chilling tone which she had never heard from him before.

'I cannot write anything I know to be untrue, Mr. Brown,' she replied, quietly enough, although her heart almost stifled her with its beating. She knew by the cold, sneering expression that came into his face that she had cast away her chances for any future in that position.

It was terribly embarrassing and nerve-straining. She never clearly remembered the events of the rest of the last interview. She only knew that he asked her once more, in that freezing business tone if she would go on with the letter, that she refused with all the dignity she could muster, and resigned her position at once, before he could tell her that her services would no longer be available; and that the bright sunshine and careless, hurrying crowds on the street seemed pitiless and mocking to her excited, despairing brain.

Was she right in her course? Or was he right in saying that she was not responsible for the truth or untruth of what he dictated? Should she have said nothing and have written and sent the letter, knowing it contained a lie? Oh, if she could only have done it! It would have been so much easier all around. Mr. Brown had been so kind—she had hoped so much for the future—and now the future was spoiled and black and uncertain.

But, try as she might, she could not persuade herself that she ought to have obeyed her employer's demand. And in spite of all the trouble, she felt in her heart a tiny spark of joy that in the trial she had borne witness to the truth as best she could.

However, she was not quite satisfied with her own judgment and decision, unsupported by that of someone older and wiser than herself. She longed for a friend with whom she might talk it all over. She was rather early for lunch when she got back to her boarding-house. There was but one other person at the long table when she sat down. She was glad to miss the others, and hurried a little to get away before many more came in.

The elderly gentleman who sat opposite her place and who had spoken to her kindly when she sat down, was a minister, she had learned, who had made this quiet, select boarding-house his home for several years.

They were both silent for a few minutes. But he saw the trouble in the young face across the table; and presently he spoke, claiming the privilege of his age and profession, as well as that of the quiet friendliness that had sprung up between them in their intercourse in the house.

'Has anything gone seriously wrong, my friend? Your face tells me that something troubles you,' he said very gently.

Miss Curtis looked up with a brave attempt at a smile, an attempt which nearly ended in tears. Then, almost before she realized it, she had told him the whole story.

He listened in silence until she had finished. Then he said:

'I will not ask your employer's name. But you will want another position soon, will you not?'

'As soon as I can get one. I am going to begin looking for one this afternoon,' she replied, trying to speak bravely.

'If you will allow me—if I might suggest— In fact, Miss Curtis, it strikes me that I know of a position for you, if you care to apply for it,' and he watched her face closely.

'A position! Oh, where?' and she flushed with eagerness and the sudden new hope.

'I have a friend, a minister, who does a great deal of literary work in addition to his pastoral duties. He wishes to engage an assistant, and is very anxious to secure just the right one at the first trial. But I think I can give you such a recommendation as will secure you the position, if you care to try for it,' and Miss Curtis thanked him from the depths of her heart and accepted his offer.

The recommendation he had promised was simply a written repetition of what she had told him, and it proved a sufficient endorsement to secure the new position, which she found in time to be a most delightful one. And over and over her happy heart sang a song of joy and thankfulness, that in the hour of temptation and testing she had been given strength to choose, with the Psalmist, 'the way of truth.'

Ion Keith-Falconer

(Florence M. Tabor, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

Descendant of one of the oldest and noblest families of Scotland, ablest stenographer in England, fastest bicycle-rider of the world, Oxford professor of Arabic, and one of the best Semitic scholars in Europe, missionary at his own expense to a race hardest in the world to reach—such is the record in brief of a man who died at the age of thirty-one.

In whatever he undertook he always stood at the head, easily. On several occasions he defeated, in races of varying distance, John Keen, then the professional champion of the world. His own account is interesting.

'As for smoking, I think the following will gratify you. Early in the year I consented to meet John Keen, the professional champion of the world, in a five-mile bicycle-race on our ground at Cambridge, on October 23. I forgot all about my engagement until I was suddenly reminded of it nine days before it was to come off. I immediately began to make my preparations and to train hard. The first great thing to be done was to knock off smoking, which I did; the next, to rise early in the morning, which I did; next, to go to bed not later than ten, which I did; next, to eat wholesome food, which I did; finally, to take plenty of gentle exercise in the open air, which I did.

'What was the result? I met Keen on Wednesday last, and amidst the most deafening applause, or, rather, yells of delight, I defeated Keen by about five yards. The time was by far the fastest on record. The last lap, measuring 440 yards, we did in thirty-nine seconds, that is, more than eleven yards in a second.'

This letter was written in shorthand to Mr. Isaac Pitman. He had learned shorthand without a teacher, first merely for amusement, afterward as a valuable aid in accomplishing his literary work. His notes were legible, swift, accurate, and with elegantly formed characters. Because of his thorough mastery of principles he was invited to write the article on this subject for the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

During his college days he gave liberally to charity, not only of his money, but of his time and personal work as far as his studies, the first duty at that time, would permit. After graduation he was of great assistance in city mission work in London. From this the consideration of the foreign field, for one of his wide sympathies, was but a step. His travels, his study of Arabic, the needs in a particular place, all led his interest to the Mohammedans of Arabia, ending in his offering his services to the Free Church of Scotland, to pay the expenses of himself and wife as missionaries to Aden, to pay a medical assistant for seven years, to erect a mission home and hospital at his own expense.

Of course, the offer was accepted, but before the home was completed the hero was stricken with a fatal tropical fever due to the unhealthy location of his temporary home. Yet his life was not lost; for, when the news of his death reached England, a dozen young men, inspired by his example, offered to take up his unfinished task. With all his honors, it is not as stenographer, racer, writer, speaker, professor, or missionary that he will be longest remembered, but as a whole-souled, symmetrical type of young manhood.

Date Palms.

Many of the people in Arabia live almost entirely on dates; occasionally they have a little variety—locusts and wild honey, for instance, and sometimes they are so fortunate as to have a lizard or a desert rat—but usually the dates must suffice. They are, however, nice and fresh. One writer tells us about the palm on which the dates grow, and he says it is the most beautiful and graceful tree in the world; it is not only beautiful, but its shade is most welcome in that hot country. The dates are so plentiful that sometimes the donkeys are fed on them. They are picked and shipped to all parts of the world.

The trees are always green, and the long, drooping leaves look like feathers. The huge clusters of dates look very pretty among the green leaves, as they are bright yellow or reddish brown. There are many varieties, but only a few that will keep well enough to be shipped to distant countries.

Every part of this beautiful tree is useful for something. Even the date stones are ground into meal and fed to the cattle, and the children use them to play checkers and other games. The leaves are like rattan, and are used to build houses. —'Mission Dayspring.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send five new subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edges, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

Coffee-Pail Ezra.

'No, I can't.' And Ezra looked reproachfully at a pail of hot coffee which he had set down close by, under the shadow of the big ore bin.

'Oh, bother!' said Jack Evars. 'Your uncle doesn't need that stuff. He's well now—been well this two weeks.'

'I know, but Grandma Hillis thinks he needs it.'

'Well, he don't. Half the time he doesn't touch it.'

'And sometimes he scolds you if you get in the road of his pick,' put in Herbert James.

'Yes.' And Ezra stroked the long ears of Nancy, the burro, meditatively. 'But, then, you see he might want it to-day and it wouldn't be there. And, besides, grandma depends on me to take it down.'

Still, he looked at the coffee-pail with no friendly eye. If he had had a mother or even a Sunday-school teacher he would have learned long before that duty is duty and must be done, however hard it seems; but he had no one except a feeble old grandmother and a big, busy uncle, who worked so hard all day in the mine that he invariably fell asleep at the supper table. So it is no wonder that, when Jack and Herbert proposed an expedition out in the sage-bush after cotton-tails, Ezra looked at his coffee-pail in deep disgust.

'No, I can't go,' said Ezra again, taking up his pail and turning toward the engine house.

'It's all nonsense, I tell you,' said Jack. 'Grandma'll never know if you don't tell her and your uncle doesn't want it.'

'I know,' answered Ezra resolutely, 'but it is my business. Grandma depends on me.'

And then he began climbing the hill, as fast as he could go, which, although he did spill some of the coffee, was the very best thing he could do, for he was the sooner out of temptation's way.

At the top of the shaft he climbed into the car, nodded to the engineer, and slid down into the dark, close mine. The engineer knew his errand; but he had to scramble out as fast as he could to let the car go on to the seventh, from which ore was being hoisted. At the fifth level, that day, the air seemed unusually close.

'I s'pose it's because I wanted to go after cotton-tails so much that it seems uncommonly hot and nasty down here to-day,' thought Ezra.

He lighted his candle and plodded his way along the low-walled drift. He had walked some little distance, trying to keep up his spirits with whistling, when he suddenly halted. His breath was coming quick and short and he began to realize that he was breathing smoke. Where did it come from? Lifting his candle, he peered about carefully he could see no sign of fire, but the drift was gray with smoke—a heavy, curling mass that was coming toward him in sullen silence.

His first thought was to run for the shaft. But no, where were Uncle Tom and the other men? If the fire was in one of the cross cuts, the smoke would seek the open shaft, as it would a chimney, and the men would have no warning until the whole drift was ablaze and it would be too late. He must find where it was and he must reach them if they did not already know. He hurried on, but his light grew dim in the smoke and his feet stumbled over the uneven floor. His breath was growing painful and his eyes smarted unbearably. He must find the men. He stumbled on, groping, with his eyes shut, every step a stab of pain and his mind holding but one thought—to reach the others before it was too late. Once he fell headlong; but it was a fortunate fall, for the lid of his coffee pail flew off and half the contents were dashed in his face. Quickly righting the pail, he dipped his handkerchief in the remaining coffee—one of the big red-cotton handkerchiefs of the mining-camps—and tied it over his head and face. He could have cried from the feeling of relief that it gave and the way grew easier until the heat dried the handkerchief and forced him to take it off. Then he groped and stumbled and fell and picked himself up and ran on and fell again and then on once more.

His strength was giving out and the curling, lead-colored mass wrapped about him closer and thicker. It was the battle of a child against a relentless, unreasoning foe, and it was bravely fought. His foot caught beneath a loose board and he fell at full length. Vaguely he felt that the struggle was over and he was glad he had done his best. He gave a little gasp—and then sat up and looked around him in surprise. The air was clearer and he could breathe. There was smoke, certainly, but still he could see and breathe. His fall had carried him just past the mouth of a deep cross-cut, from which the smoke was pouring in thick, leaden masses toward the shaft. He could hear the dull crackling of the burning timbers and he knew that the time was short. He stood up and tried to run, but his mind was in a whirl and his legs tottered beneath him. Still he would not give up. The worst was past; and, as his head grew clearer in the better air, his strength began to come back also.

In less than five minutes the men in the upraise were standing about him and he was telling them, as quickly as he could, of their danger and of their one chance of escape.

'We must make a dash for it,' said Tom Hillis, who was always the leader. The men nodded, threw down their picks and shovels and marched grimly out into the drift to meet the foe. How Ezra got through the second time he never knew. He remembered being dragged along by hard, kind hands and, at the last, being lifted on a pair of strong shoulders and carried 'pick-a-back' like a baby; but, when he opened his eyes, he was in the hoisting-room and the superintendent of the mine was there, too, looking very grave and anxious.

'Will he live?' he was asking of the doctor, who was stirring something in a glass.

'Oh, yes. He'll not die yet. He's a plucky little chap. He will be all right in a little while.'

'It is strange how things happen,' the superintendent went on. 'It is certainly strange. If this boy had not been going about his plain, every-day business this morning, those men would all have been smothered and the whole mine would have been in such a blaze that we couldn't have stopped it.'

When Jack and Herbert came home that night with four cotton-tails, they were very much surprised to find that 'Coffee-pail Ezra' had become a hero in the camp and was to be taken into the superintendent's family to go to school with his own boys.

'It's mighty queer how lucky some folks are!' said Jack.

''Tisn't so queer,' answered Herbert, 'when you consider how plucky some folks are.'

'Humph! I guess anybody would have warned those men!'

'Maybe they would and then maybe they wouldn't. But what I am thinking is that there isn't more than one boy in the camp that would have been down there with that coffee-pail when the other boys were going out hunting. That's where the pluck comes in, I'm thinking.'—Clara E. Hamilton, in 'Presbyterian Banner.'

The Weary Ploughboy.

Soft lights from off the tree-tops fade,
The western silver dies,
And out afar
The evening star
Lights up the quiet skies.
From ploughing furrows, long and bare
Through throbbing hours of day,
With weary joy
Both horse and boy
The shadows' call obey;—

The call of God at eventide,
Tempered to weary things—
His call to sleep,
While He shall keep
Beneath His outspread wings.
How infinite their circle is!
Beyond the bounds of day,
Outspreading rest,
O'er east and west,
Above the Milky Way!

And 'neath its shade both horse and boy
Will hush their panting breath;
And through the gloom,
As in a tomb,
Will lie as if in death;
To still their limbs, to cool their blood,
To tranquillize their brain;
To renovate
And recreate,
And make them young again.

And when night lifts from off his bed,
And sunbeams kiss his brow,
This weary boy
Will lead with joy
His horse again to plough.
How wonderful the round of life—
These dimming darkening skies,
The hands that close,
In night's repose,
This weary ploughboy's eyes!

Could man but know the whole result
Of shadows and of death—
The darkening love
Which, like a dove,
Descends to still the breath,
Stills for this night and that more long
Which passes upon all—
He'd close his eyes
Upon these skies
Sure of the morning's call.

—B. W.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Granny's Story.

(By Mrs. Geo. Paull, in 'Churchman')

Flossie was always happy when she was invited to spend the afternoon with Granny, as she called her dear grandmother, and she was a happy little girl very often, because Granny loved Flossie just as as much as Flossie loved her, and whenever she felt able she always liked to have Flossie come and pass her Saturday afternoons with her.

Granny had so many delightful stories to tell about when she was a little girl, and so many curious things to show her, that had been brought to her by her sailor son. There were quaint sandal-wood boxes, with their delicate perfume, rare cups aud saucers that were as fragile as egg shells, and beautiful fans that Flossie delighted to take into her own hands, and gently wave to and fro. One afternoon she brought the top drawer of the tall cabinet that stood in the corner of the parlor to Granny, and took up a gold chain that was nestled in a little jewel case, faded and worn with age. 'That looks as if it would make such a nice story, Granny,' she said, and the old lady smiled as she passed it through her fingers with a loving touch.

'There is indeed a story that I can never forget about that chain,' she said, laying her work down in her lap, with the thoughtful look upon her face, that Flossie knew meant a story.

'Please tell me about it Granny,' Flossie said, resting her face on her hands and leaning her elbows upon the edge of the table.

'Get your little chair, dear, and come and sit down by me, and I will tell you what a naughty little girl your Granny once was.'

'When I was a little girl,' Granny began, 'I was invited to go and pay a visit to my grandmother. I was not as glad as you always are to come and see me, for my grandmother was a very strict old lady, who thought that little children should be seen and not heard. I tried to persuade my father to let one of the other children go in my place, but he said no, that my grandmother had asked me to come, so I must go.'

'At my grandmother's I had no playfellow but the green parrot, and he was a very bad-tempered bird, and not at all fond of children, so I did not have very much pleasure with him. I think I was quite a careful child, for I know that after I had been there a few days, my grandmother gave permission to go to her cabinet and look over the things one rainy afternoon, and I am sure she would never have let me do that if she had not thought that I was to be trusted. I remember as well as if it had been only yesterday, how I stood on tip-toe and looked at the things in the top drawer, and how I did wish that grandmother would let me have some of the pretty things to play with up in my own little room. I took a great fancy to this chain, and thought it was so pretty I would like to put it on.'

'I did not very often speak to my grandmother, unless she spoke to me first, but I was so anxious to put this pretty chain around my neck, that I ventured to ask her permission. I knew she would not be pleased if I did it without asking her first, but surely she would be willing if I asked.'

"Chains are not suitable ornaments for little girls to wear, Priscilla," she answered. "Put it back into the case and do not ask such a question again."'

'Probably she thought it was vanity that made me want to put it on, and so of course she would think it was right not to indulge me. I obeyed her and put the chain back into the little case, and shut the drawer up, but the more I thought about the chain the more I wanted to put it on. I thought I would go into the parlor some time when my grandmother was taking her afternoon nap, and take the chain out of the cabinet and slip it round my neck, just for a moment. I was sure I could not hurt it, and I did want to put it on so very, very much, that

it seemed as if I could not give up my own way, and obey my grandmother. You see I was a very naughty little girl.'

'I don't think you were naughty,' exclaimed Flossie, jumping up to give her Granny a kiss. 'I think it was your grandmother who was naughty not to let a little thing like you put on a chain when you wanted to. It wouldn't have hurt her.'

'That was not the question dear,' her Granny answered. 'I had been told not to put it on, even if I did not know there was no danger of hurting the chain, I ought to have obeyed her. Little girls ought always to mind what they are told.'

'Ah you mean that for me,' exclaimed Flossie.

'I shall not get on very fast with my story,' said Granny with a smile, 'If you talk so much. The next day my grandmother had settled herself for a nap, I crept into the parlor, and with a beating heart opened the top drawer and took out the little case with the chain in it. I clasped the chain about my neck and crept over to the tall pier glass and looked at myself. Very pretty the chain looked, and I wished with all my little silly heart that it was mine. I heard my grandmother sneeze, and, trembling with fear, I tried to take the chain off. You can guess how frightened I was when I found that I could not open the clasp, and, try hard as I might, I could not get the chain off. The next thing I knew grandmother called me to come to her, and I trembled from head to foot. The neck of my dress was high, and I slipped it under, out of sight, and went to her. She did not look at me, or I am sure she would have noticed how red my face was, and how I was still trembling.'

'She wanted me to do an errand for her, and I was very glad to take the sample she gave me and go down to the village store. When I came back I went up to my room to see if I could not, by trying again and again to unfasten the clasp. Flossie, dear, I hope you may never be as unhappy a little girl as I was when I put my hand up to my neck and discovered that the chain was gone. I knew how my grandmother prized the chain, and I did not know how I could tell her that I had put it on and lost it. I knew that she had a little headache, and I made up my mind that I would wait until the next morning and tell her, as much, I am afraid, to put off the disagreeable task, as to spare her head. It was a very unhappy evening that I spent, with my eyes fixed on my book, while my thoughts were full of the lost chain, and I was very glad when bed-time came and I could go up to own room. I knew no one would see my tears now, and all the time I was undressing, the tears streamed down my cheeks. I wished, oh, how I did wish, that I had obeyed, and then all this unhappiness would have been saved. As I slipped off my clothes, my foot touched something cold, and looking down I saw the chain on the floor.'

'Oh, I am so glad,' exclaimed Flossie, who had been listening with breathless interest.

'Not half as glad as I was, my dear,' Granny answered, with a smile. 'I could hardly understand it at first, but after a while I concluded that the clasp must have unfastened while I was out and the chain had slipped down and caught in my clothes, so that it had not been lost. I could put it back now without Granny ever knowing that I had been naughty enough to disobey, but I am glad to say that I that I did not try to hide my naughtiness, and take whatever punishment she saw fit to give me.'

'Oh Granny, you did not tell her,' exclaimed Flossie.

'Yes dear; but it was a hard struggle before I could bring my courage up to the point. I wrapped the chain up in my handkerchief, and crept down stairs to the sitting-room, where she sat knitting before the fire, looking as if, I fancied, very stern. I could hear my heart beat; as I went down the steps so frightened and so unhappy.'

'Poor little Granny,' Flossie said, with earnest sympathy.

'It was very hard to face grandmother's look of surprise, and stammer out my story, but I was surprised myself then, for instead of scolding me, as I had thought she would, she put her arms about me, and took me, all shivering and crying, up into her lap, and, for the first and only time in my life, I nestled my head down upon my grandmother's shoulder.

'You were a brave little maid, and an honest one to confess your disobedience' she said.

'I loved my grandmother always after that night, and when I went home she gave me the chain to take with me. I have always valued it for her sake, and because I learned how kind and good she could be, even if her manner was stern. I had done wrong, and she did not make light of it, but she forgave me because I had not tried to conceal it. But there comes Nursie after you already. My story must have been longer than I meant it to be.'

'I wish there was more of it,' Flossie said, as she laid the treasure back in its case.

'Some day little Flossie that chain will be yours,' said Granny, as she kissed her little girl good-bye, 'and I hope when you look at it you will remember how much unhappiness disobedience will cause, and try always to obey. Good-bye my darling.'

'Good-bye, you dear, brave little Granny,' and Flossie threw her arms about her grandmother with an unusually tender embrace, as she thought of her childish wrong-doing, and her brave confession. She would try to be like Granny, she thought to herself, as she went home with her nurse, and not try to hide a fault to escape blame, but confess it bravely, as her grandmother did in the days so long gone by.

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Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Sept., 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

LESSON XI.—SEPT. 13.

David Becomes King.

II. Samuel ii., 1-10.

Golden Text.

Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. Psalm cxxxiii., 1.

Home Readings.

Monday, Sept. 7.—II. Sam. ii., 1-11.
Tuesday, Sept. 8.—II. Sam. v., 1-10.
Wednesday, Sept. 9.—I. Chron. xi., 1-9.
Thursday, Sept. 10.—II. Sam. iii., 1-11.
Friday, Sept. 11.—II. Sam. iii., 12-21.
Saturday, Sept. 12.—II. Sam. iii., 28-39.
Sunday, Sept. 13.—II. Sam. iv., 1-12.

1. Now it came to pass after the death of Saul, when David was returned from the slaughter of the Amalekites, and David had abode two days in Ziklag;

2. It came even to pass on the third day, that, behold, a man came out of the camp from Saul with his clothes rent; and earth upon his head: and so it was, when he came to David, that he fell to the earth, and did obeisance.

3. And David said unto him, From whence comest thou? And he said unto him, Out of the camp of Israel am I escaped.

4. And David said unto him, How went the matter? I pray thee, tell me. And he answered, That the people are fled from the battle, and many of the people also are fallen and dead; and Saul and Jonathan his son are dead also.

5. And David said unto the young man that told him, How knowest thou that Saul and Jonathan his son be dead?

6. And the young man that told him said, As I happened by chance upon Mount Gilboa, behold, Saul leaned upon his spear; and, lo, the chariots and horsemen followed hard after him.

7. And when he looked behind him, he saw me, and called unto me. And I answered, Here am I.

8. And he said unto me, Who art thou? And I answered him, I am an Amalekite.

9. He said unto me again, Stand, I pray thee, upon me, and slay me: for anguish is come upon me, because my life is yet whole in me.

10. So I stood upon him, and slew him, because I was sure that he could not live after that he was fallen: and I took the crown that was upon his head, and the bracelet that was on his arm, and have brought them hither unto my lord.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

Our Golden Text expresses what was to be desired in the situation described in this lesson rather than what was the actual condition of affairs. How much worldly position and power costs! David personally had the blessing of God in his struggle toward the throne, because he had not chosen this 'chief seat' for himself, but God had chosen him to fill it, still God was not pleased at Israel's demand for a king and was permitting the trouble that attended such forms of government to take their usual course.

Saul, David's enemy and the first king of Israel, is dead, yet, as we discover in this lesson, David does not immediately succeed him. We have a forecast of the future division of the kingdom in these opening years of David's reign. Notice that we now pass from the first to the second book of Samuel.

The time of these events is placed in the eleventh century before Christ, though the exact dates are still in dispute. David was thirty years old.

THE OUTLINE.

In this lesson we find the chief points to be as follows:

1. David's Inquiry, 1.
2. He Becomes King in Hebron, 2-4.
3. David and the Men of Jabesh-Gilead, 5-7.
4. Abner Attempts to Establish another Kingdom, 8-11.

DAVID'S INQUIRY, 1.

The first chapter of II. Samuel is occupied with an account of events following Saul's death, and closes with David's solemn yet beautiful lamentation over Saul and Jonathan. In our lesson for to-day we find him taking up the duties of life again, though now he is upon the threshold of a new part of his career.

Verse I. 'And it came to pass after this, that David enquired of the Lord.' Here is another evidence of the Spirit's presence in David's life. He takes the important question now before him to God in prayer. Councils of state, advice of friends, his own reflections upon matters, all have their place, but David addresses God first.

'Shall I go up into any of the cities of Judah?' At this time David and his men were still at Ziklag, a town of the Philistines, but, as Saul was dead, there was no further need of his remaining in exile. Further inquiry, verse 1, revealed Hebron as his divinely appointed place. A map will show you the advantages of its location, especially during this time of trouble and division in Israel. Moreover, David and many of his men were at home in the territory about Hebron.

HE BECOMES KING IN HEBRON, 2-4.

2. 'So David went up thither.' Verses 2 and 3 show that this going up to Hebron from Ziklag was of the nature of a moving to a fixed home. It was not a military expedition of David and his faithful band, but it was a return home of exiles with their families in obedience to the divine direction.

3. 'And they dwelt in the cities of Hebron.' They did not camp there, nor stop over night, but 'dwelt there,' as men who were now to take up the affairs of peace.

4. 'And the men of Judah came, and there they anointed David king over the house of Judah.' Though Samuel had previously anointed David to be king, this was his first recognition and acceptance as such. Notice that he was anointed by men of the tribe of Judah to be king over Judah. The rest of Israel was prevented by Abner, Saul's cousin and general, from receiving David for a time.

'And they told David, saying, That the men of Jabesh-Gilead were they that buried Saul.' As you remember, this was done not only out of respect for Saul, but also because of their debt of gratitude to him. This noble deed of the men of Jabesh Gilead was now reported to David.

DAVID AND THE MEN OF JABESH-GILEAD, 5-7.

5. 'Blessed be ye of the Lord.' David at once sent messengers to Jabesh-Gilead, blessing those men for their act of respect for their dead ruler and their gratitude for what he had done for them. He also promises to requite them for the kindness.'

6. 'I also will requite you this kindness.' Saul had been an enemy to David, and the men of Jabesh-gilead may have feared that David would resent this action of theirs. But David feels quite the reverse of this toward them. He will requite to them this kindness. David looked upon Saul as a king, anointed of God, as he himself had been, and so, in a sense, he felt such a relationship to Saul as one king feels toward another. An insult to Saul was an insult to Hebrew royalty.

We had an example of this sympathy among royal personages in the case of the King of Servia, recently assassinated. Though he himself was despised, still the rulers of Europe did not hesitate to condemn his murderers.

7. 'And also the house of Judah have anointed me king over them.' Here was another reason, perhaps, for David's peaceful message. He would win to himself those of the other tribes who had not yet accepted him. His statement that he has become Judah's king was equivalent to an invitation to join with Judah in receiving him as their ruler.

ABNER ATTEMPTS TO ESTABLISH ANOTHER KINGDOM, 8-11.

8. 'But Abner the son of Ner, captain of Saul's host, took Ishbosheth the son of Saul, and brought him over to Mahanaim.' Abner, as we might expect after reading I. Samuel, was not very friendly to David. He was a cousin of Saul and under him had come to a position of commanding influence. In this prospective change of the ruling house of Israel he saw, no doubt, that his own position and power would be at an end. This son of Saul, called also Eshbaal, was a weakling and served as a mere figurehead for Abner's plan. Ishbosheth means 'a man of shame.' Mahanaim was a walled city in Gilead, on the east side of the Jordan. Here Abner attempted to set up a kingdom, making Ishbosheth king 'over all Israel.'

10. 'Ishbosheth . . . reigned two years.' It is believed that over five years were occupied by Abner, before Ishbosheth became king, in reconquering the Philistines and extending his sway over Israel.

11. 'And the time that David was king in Hebron over the house of Judah was seven years and six months.' During Abner's labors to restore the kingdom to Saul and the two years' reign of Ishbosheth, David continued to rule in Hebron. If you will read the remainder of the first five chapters of II. Samuel you will discover how David finally became king of all Israel.

Next week we have a temperance lesson, 'Abstinence from Evil,' I. Peter iv., 1-11.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, Sept. 13.—Topic—Feasting that makes lean souls. Ex. xvi., 2-5; Ps. cvi., 13-15. (Temperance.)

Junior C. E. Topic

LESSONS FROM THE FRUIT.

Monday, Sept. 7.—The fruit of holiness. Rom. vi., 22.

Tuesday, Sept. 8.—The fruit of goodness. Eph. v., 9.

Wednesday, Sept. 9.—The fruit of righteousness. Phil. i., 11.

Thursday, Sept. 10.—The fruit of our lips. Heb. xiii., 15.

Friday, Sept. 11.—Sown in peace. Jas. iii., 18.

Saturday, Sept. 12.—Full of fruit. Jas. iii., 17.

Sunday, Sept. 13.—Topic—Lessons from the fruits. Matt. vii., 15-20; John xv., 2-8; Gal. v., 22, 23.

The Library.

There is no place in which one may more readily be penny wise and pound foolish than in furnishing a Sunday-school library. Plenty of good books there are, and worth the price asked for them. Good books are among our cheapest luxuries. What is oftener a-wanting than the right kind of books, is the wise discrimination that would bar out the worthless stuff. By way of illustration, let me mention that some nine months since, in the course of my pastoral work, I called at the house of a farmer. The farmer himself and two of his sons were seated about a table, over which was scattered a quantity of wheat. As I watched, they shuffled the wheat about, and seemed to criticize every grain, picking out very carefully every cockle or vetch seed and every shrunksn kernel. They were cleaning seed wheat. And when they told me this, I saw good reason for their care. And should we be less careful who have to do with sowing the seed of holy truth in youthful minds? In every possible way let us sift out the trash, and like the man in the parable, sow nothing but good seed.—The Rev. W. M. McKibbin.

Temperance

McCann's License

(William Bittenhouse, in 'Wellspring.)

'I'm only sayin' what ivery one knows when I say I always kape a dacent place,' said McGann, the pride of respectability upon every line of his clean-shaven Celtic face. 'Them that chooses can sell to common drunkards; I'm not that kind. I'll have no fightin' nor corner loafin' round my saloon, and my customers knows it. I've been down there by the railway for ten years, and I'd be there yet, but they're tearin' down the whole block to build the new car shops for the road, and I have to be movin'. Mr. Brent, I've looked about, and found a store there on Wilson street, by the works, and'—

'But aren't there four saloons already on that block, McGann?' asked the young lawyer, interrupting his client's flow of speech for a moment—not that he had not plenty of time to listen, for clients were scarce enough in this first year of Fred Brent's practice of the law. But he really wanted the information, for, to his inexperience, the saloon-keeper's choice of a situation seemed unwise.

'Shure, and there might be fourteen, sorr,' answered McGann, with conviction, 'and they'd all make money. 'Tis the main streets from the works, where most of the men do be comin' out, and there's fourteen hunderd of them, at the very laste. And there ain't one of them four saloons, Mr. Brent, that's the kind of place I would kape. There's men that wouldn't be seen in them that would come to me the day I opened my doors, for I kape a high-toned saloon, and folks knows it. You're not one of them temperance people—but even the temperance society couldn't bring anything ag'inst me. You'll find that, sorr, in getting a license fer me—that even the Law and Order Society can't object to Tom McGann. I've renewed me license at the old place over and over again, and not a word from them. So I'm thinkin' you'll have an aisy job in gettin' me one fer the new saloon,' and McGann's expression was one of honest pride in his good reputation. Brent could not help liking his new client.

'Well, McGann,' he said, 'guess there'll be no trouble about it. Have you the list of your twenty householders who recommended your application for license in their neighborhood?'

'Yes, sorr,' said McGann. He produced from his pocket a petition, duly filled out. 'I can get more if you should want them,' he remarked, impressively, as he handed it over. The young lawyer felt again the solid respectability of his client, which impression was further increased by McGann's next words, 'Here is me check, Mr. Brent, for a hunderd. The rest is paid, I'm told, after the license is granted—or turned down,' with a confident smile that showed he was not afraid of the latter contingency.

Fred Brent took the check, and bowed his client out. It was certainly a piece of luck, getting this license business. Of course, he himself did not believe in drinking even moderately; he had too much need for his brains to be willing to muddle them for a moment. But, since some men would drink, and the city licensed saloons, and the getting of the licenses was a legal matter, and McGann was a law-abiding citizen, there was no question about the matter, any more than about searching the title of an estate or drawing a will. Fred was rather a conscientious fellow and a church member, but his conscience gave him no trouble here. Otherwise, to do him justice, the crisp check would have tempted him not at all, though now it was very pleasant for him to fold it inside his bank book, and go down to the bank to deposit it.

He knew the cashier well, and he thought he would find out something about his new client from him.

'McGann seems to be a very respectable person, indeed,' he said, smiling, 'and he looks as if he had a substantial bank account.'

'So he has,' answered the cashier. 'I only wish I had half of it. The railway pays off every month, and the next week McGann pays in—well, a big percent on that same pay roll, I can tell you. Law and banking aren't in it, Brent, with saloon-keeping. McGann's straight, too—that's where he gets the cream of it. A man isn't ashamed to go to McGann's, you see; and so McGann's virtue is its own reward. But I'm not sure, Brent, that he doesn't do more harm than any other saloon-keeper in town, just for that reason. That's not my business, though,—nor yours'; and the cashier turned away to speak to someone else who claimed his attention.

No; it was not Brent's business. And yet his conscience, somehow, did not feel quite so clear when he went out again into the street. He soon forgot the whole thing, however, in studying up another case which he was getting ready for the next term of court. But that evening, as he was hurrying home to his hotel, a shabby, seedy-looking individual stopped him, begging for ten cents to get a meal. His breath was redolent of liquor, and Fred had small patience for that sort of thing.

'Not a cent, my friend!' he said. 'Let liquor alone, and you can earn enough to get all the dinners you need.'

A drunken anger flared up in the man's eyes. 'Why should I let liquor alone, when others don't?' he said, thickly. 'There's money of mine in your pocket, Lawyer Brent. I pay it over to McGann for whiskey, and he pays it to you for the right to sell me more whiskey, and you take it, and tell me to leave whiskey alone. As long as you're taking wages from whiskey-sellers, the less you preach to whiskey-drinkers the better.'

Brent was angered, too. 'McGann doesn't sell to drunkards,' he said sharply, 'and never has.'

'No, he doesn't sell to drunkards; you're right. But he makes drunkards. I began at McGann's.' The drunken anger of the last speech was fading into maudlin pathos. 'I had a fine place on the railway and a good wife then, and now—here I am. I'm not the only one, either. There was half a dozen of us used to go to McGann's. We wouldn't go to other saloons—oh, no!—but that place was so high-toned, we thought it was different. Well, we know better now. There ain't one of us McGann would let inside his door to-day. But he started us—yes, he started us—and all he can say, and all you can say, can't change that.'

Fred Brent was touched—and stung. 'Come into this restaurant, and I'll get some coffee, and give you a good meal,' he said.

But the other flared up again. 'I don't want your coffee or your preaching. You're too respectable for me—you and McGann! I'd listen to temperance folks—that's honest talk, at any rate. But leave liquor alone for you? Not much!'

He dropped abruptly from Brent's side, and was swallowed up in the darkness. Brent shook himself impatiently and went on to his room at the hotel. 'Good!' he said, as he picked up from his table a note directed in a flowing, characteristic hand and opened it eagerly. Here was something to put McGann, beggars, and the entire liquor question, out of mind, for Miss Carson held a very large place in Fred Brent's life. The note she had written him was nothing intimate or informal—simply an invitation to an evening party the next week. But it suddenly made him feel how very much he wanted to see her. He knew that if he stayed in his rooms that evening he would be thinking about McGann's license, and did not want to think about that any more just now. He would get his dinner, he decided, and go up to Doctor Carson's for a call. That was the charm of such a girl as Clara—that when one was with her, one forgot all the irritations and problems of life, and found, instead, joyousness and serenity and a sweet sympathy.

(To be continued.)

Uncle Sam's Tobacco Bill.

The people of the United States annually spend no less a sum than three hundred and forty-six millions of dollars on cigars. Nearly seven thousand millions of cigars were consumed in the past year, nearly nineteen millions for every day of the year. Besides this, over two thousand six hundred and fifty-eight millions of cigarettes were used, and three hundred and fifteen millions of pounds of snuff. The Government revenue on this amounted to no less than seventy millions of dollars. These facts and figures are startling. They emphasize, in contrast with the figures for philanthropic purposes, the tendency to selfish indulgence rather than to Christian liberality. It is a terrible sum of money to go up in smoke.—'Christian Guardian.'

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

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The following are the contents of the issue of August 22, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Walking Delegate—A poem, resurrected from the 'Engineering and Mining Journal' of 1837.
Story of the 'America's cup—Worthy Foes—' The Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
The Great Inquest, III.—Protection Against 'Dumping' and Retaliation—By A. C. Pigou, in the 'Pilot,' London.
Mr. Chamberlain's Balloon—By the Right Honorable Leonard H Courtney, in the 'Contemporary Review,' London. Condensed.
London Underwriters and 'Gilt-edged' Loans—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Attack on Finland—'Morning Post,' London.
A Popular Preacher Exiled from Finland—'Morning Post,' London.
Japan and China—The Birmingham 'Daily Post.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Death of Phil May—Life Story of the Famous Artist-Humorist—The 'Daily Mail,' London; Birmingham 'Daily Post;' Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'
Skilled to sing of Time and Eternity—By A. G. Gardiner, in the 'Daily News,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Silent Years—By W. S. Lilly, in the 'Pilot,' London.
Recompense—By A. St. J. A., in the 'Pilot,' London.
'At a Free Library,' by Lewis Morris, in the Manchester 'Guardian.'
'Twilight on Tweed,' by Andrew Lang, in 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
A Literary Romance—The 'Daily News,' London.
Lord Rosebery on Pitt—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Two Great Tories—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Goldwin Smith's Eightieth Birthday—The New York 'Sun.'
Prof. Goldwin Smith and His Writings—New York 'Sun.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Oxford Summer Meeting—The University in Vacation Time—Correspondence of the 'Daily Chronicle,' London.
Education and the Fiscal Policy—'Daily Chronicle,' London.
The American Ambassador at Oxford—English Papers.
A Bird Paradise—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
A Quaint Examination—The 'Telegraph,' London.

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Correspondence

BOYS AND GIRLS.

The names of the boys and girls who are sending in correct answers will be printed later, and if any of you have sent in answers you think might be improved upon write again.—Correspondence Editor.

SUCCESSFUL TINIES.

Minnie M. Cassidy, William Graham, Annie May Rutter, Meada Ingram, M. E. Burgess; 9 years, Mary Parkes; 7 years, Greta E. Morton; 9 years, Katherine Boston MacDonald, Herbert Marshall, Lettie Marshall, Bertha Condon; 7 years, Laura B. Grant, Emma Elizabeth Schmidt, Laurence Lindsay Smith, Emily Tarr, Myrtle M. Snider, Ellen Evans, Letitia P. McDonald; 11 years, Willie Louttit, Roy Johnson, Polly Shield Macleod, Wilbur C. Lowly, Jessie E. Squires; 9 years, Ruby May Wilson, Annie S. Bagnall, Bertha Muir, Daniel F. Sargent, Kenneth W. Hay, Irene S. Wigginton.

If any of you have sent in answers and not seen your name, please write at once. —Ed.

Abingdon, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm eighteen miles from Hamilton. My grandfather has been taking this little paper for a long time, and we all like it very much. I am the oldest in the family. I have two brothers. Charles is nine years old and Rutherford is five. I have one brother older than myself dead, and another (Rutherford's twin) dead. I am thirteen years old, and will be fourteen the last day of September. Both of my grandfathers and grandmothers are living, and they have both celebrated their golden weddings. Some time ago there was a letter from a little girl in California. I hope she will soon write another.

ELLA E. S.

Big Bras d'Or, C.B.

Dear Editor,—My sister has been taking the 'Messenger' for some time, so I thought I would write. I am in the eighth grade at school. I go nearly every day. There are fifty-four on the register. I go to Sunday-school when it is fine. I have about a mile and a half to walk. My sister and I go to our grandma's every summer in vacation. They have a beautiful garden of flowers in front of their house, and quite a lot of house plants. I have quite a few house plants, too. I skate in winter when there is ice. I have two brothers and one sister. There are not many girls around here. I am thirteen years of age. LILLIAN F.

(Very neatly and prettily written.—Ed.)

Wyvern, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I like to go to school very much, and I am in the third book. My birthday was on January 18. I was twelve years old. I like to read the 'Messenger.'

NESTA F.

Stratford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I got a lot of things last Christmas, but best of all, a baby sister. Her name is Nelo. I am waiting until she is a little older, so that I can take her out in her carriage. I passed last year into the junior fourth class, and have a number of lessons. We have a domestic science school.

BELLA M. McI. (age 9).

Ft. Sask. N., Alberta, N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—I have written two letters during the last year, and I saw one of them in print. We get the 'Messenger' at our school. There is a very good Sunday-school here, with eight classes and teachers. My father was the superintendent for the past year. I have five brothers and two sisters. One of my sisters is married. We have five horses, eleven head of cattle, and thirty-nine pigs, four ducks, and some hens. We lost one fine colt last summer; she was two years old; and she belonged to my eldest brother. I have no pets except a pup and a big dog that will draw me, as I made a harness for him and I hitch him up on fine days. My father is drawing posts, and they have fifteen miles to go, and it takes them all day to get a load. We see about seven teams a day going to the bush.

EZRA O. (age 14).

Grimston, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I wrote to the 'Messenger' once before, and it was consigned to the horrible waste basket, but I shall try, try again, and I hope my second attempt may not be nipped in the bud. Holidays are about over, but I do not care, as I like going to school. I was in the junior third class before vacation, but I tried the examination and passed. I will be in the senior third next term. Papa is in the North-West Territories, and we feel pretty lonesome without him. He went by the boat to Fort William, then by train the rest of the way. I expect we will all go to the North-West Territories. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and we could not do without it. I enjoy reading the pretty stories and the correspondence. I saw a letter from a little girl whose birthday is the same day as mine, April 22, and she was the same age (twelve years.

GERTRUDE T.

Keward.

Dear Editor,—As I am sending an answer to your puzzle, I will write you a short letter. I take your 'Messenger,' and have taken it for one and a half year. We used to get it at the Hoath Head Sunday-school, but we moved from there three years ago. I think a 'Fight Against Odds' is a very nice story.

ISABEL M. F.

Athens, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have never written a letter to you before, I will now endeavor to write my first one. I hunted up all the verses that represent the quotations. I found that it was very pleasant work. It leads us to study our Bibles more. My home is in the village of Athens. It is a place of about 1,200 inhabitants. There are two schools here, a model and a high school. I passed the entrance this summer. I made 695 marks. The required number of marks was 550. The total was 1,100 marks. I intend to go to the high school. I have taken the 'Messenger' since last Christmas. My grandma sent it to me and my brother for a present. I think it is a very nice paper for the price.

EFFIE B. (age 13).

Kenmore.

Dear Editor,—I have, by being careful in reading the Epistle of St. James, found the verses that are required in the new competition. I think that it is a fine idea, besides being interesting to those engaged in it. Please send copies of the 'Messenger' to the addresses I am sending.

OLIVE P. (age 13).

Eel River, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for about two years now, and I could not do without it at all. I enjoy the stories very much, also the correspondence. I am a member of the M.L.C., and I have noticed a number of letters to this paper from members of the M.L.C. I am sending the texts in the Epistle of St. James which I thought corresponded to your list of quotations. I enjoyed the work very much. I live on a farm about one mile from Eel River Station, and always attend Sunday-school in the village.

FLORA M.

New Perth, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I saw letters from other girls in the 'Messenger,' and thought perhaps you would print mine. This is the first year I have taken your paper, but mamma used to take it when she was a little girl. My favorite authors are Gordon Stables and Henty. I like Dickens's 'David Copperfield' and Sir Walter Scott's works, too. I live in Summerside, but I was in the country at my grandma's for vacation. I like going to school. There are eight rooms in the brick school that I go to. There are two other schools of two rooms each for the first two grades. There are ten grades. I am in the ninth grade. It is the one that grades into the Prince of Wales College. The other grade takes up the first year's work in college, and if you make over 75 percent of a yearly average you get a trustees' certificate which enables you to take up first-class work in college. I tried the matriculation examinations this year, but I do not know whether I passed or not yet. I will be thirteen years old in October. I think I had better stop writing now, since I have told you about all I can think of.

GLADYS F. MacI.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Mother's Influence.

A peasant on the Scotch coast had an unusually large brood of children, seven of them boys. He labored early and late in the fields, and contrived to keep the wolf from the door, but life was a hopeless, exhausting struggle against poverty and adversity.

The mother, too, worked early and late with all the cooking, washing and household drudgery of the humble home. There were many to clothe as well as to feed, and so scanty were the schooling facilities on that lonely stretch of coast that she herself taught the boys, one by one, to read and write. If there had been girls among the older children she would have had help in the housework. Her daughters were the youngest of the family, and only added to her cares when she was least able to endure them.

Weary and overworked as this Scotch mother was, she was always the light and the life of the household. It was a happy home because it was brightened by her cheerfulness and contentment.

When there was a boy old enough to read a book aloud there was entertainment for the family while she was sewing, and she taught her children to sharpen their wits by keen argument, and, above all, to think for themselves.

Then, too, this Scotch mother, while not a trained musician, had a deep, rich voice, and a stirring way of singing old-fashioned hymns. On Sunday evenings the Bible would be read aloud, and then she would sing one hymn after another while her brawny Scotch lads listened with eagerness and enjoyed the treat so keenly that they often complained because Sunday came but once a week.

The brood of children left the home nest one by one, and the mother died prematurely of overwork and anxiety. But she lived anew in the boys as they became successful men in various professions and callings; for, although at the outset they were poor and had little education, they had her buoyant hopeful nature, and had her fine qualities of mind.

One of them was a soldier, and was mortally wounded in a foreign campaign. The chaplain in the hospital told him he had only a few hours of life in reserve, and asked him if he had any religious faith.

'I never had anything else,' he replied. 'I can hear my mother now singing her Sunday night hymns on the Scotch coast!'

Another soon became a prosperous barrister, with a great reputation for learning and wit. He would have had a larger income if it had not been for a striking peculiarity. He invariably threw up a case when he was convinced there was no justice in it.

'I like to think of my dear old Scotch mother,' he would say, 'when I plead a case in court.'

Another was an earnest preacher. One was a doctor, with a metropolitan practice. Three were successful merchants, and one was a high-minded publisher. All were richly endowed with their mother's courage and mental resources, and all shared her deep religious nature.

'In many a temptation and crisis they

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recalled her face, shining in the winter firelight of their old home, and the hymns she had sung, in which she had expressed the religious devotion that had governed her life, and the tender, unfailing love of a mother's heart.—'Christian Age.'

Roosevelt's Advice.

Every father of a large family—and being an old-fashioned man I believe in large families—knows that if he has to do well by his children he must try to make them do well by themselves.

Now, haven't you in your own experience known men—and I am sorry to say even more often, women—who think that they are doing a favor to their children when they shield them from any effort? When they let the girls sit at ease and read while the mother does all the housework? Don't you know cases like that? I do, yes; when a boy will be brought up to be very ornamental and not useful? Don't you know that, too? Exactly.

Now those are not good fathers and mothers. They are foolish fathers and mothers. They are not being kind, they are simply being silly. That's all. It is not any good that you do your son or your daughter by teaching him or her how to shirk difficulties, you do him or her good only if you teach him or her to face difficulties, and by facing them to overcome them. Isn't that true? Don't you know it to be so in your own families? Well, it is just so on a larger scale in the state.—Speech at Waterville, Me., Aug. 27.

Selected Recipes

Celery Fritters.—Celery fritters can be made of the firm stalks which are too green to be used as a salad or relish. They are cut into four-inch lengths and boiled in salted water for ten minutes, then drained, cooled, dipped into fritter batter and fried brown in deep smoking-hot fat. From the roots, leaves and odd stalks a palatable soup can be prepared, chopping the celery fine, boiling in one pint of water until very soft, rubbing through a sieve and mixing with an equal quantity of thin cream sauce.

Meat and Ham Pie.—A savory pie is made from cold roast beef combined with ham. Cut the beef into fingers, trimming off the fat, and the raw ham into strips, quarter three or four hard-boiled eggs. Line a baking-dish with rich biscuit dough or plain pie crust, pack in the meat and egg, seasoning well. Cover with the crust, leaving a hole in the centre, pour in just enough gravy to moisten and bake for one hour in a moderate oven. Have more gravy ready and pour it in through the top the last thing before sending to the table.

Creamed Potatoes.—This recipe has two distinctive features: the potatoes must be baked and they must be cooked in an iron spider. When the spider is warm put in one cup of cream or rich milk and one tablespoon of butter. As soon as very hot, stir in five medium-sized baked potatoes, chopped, which have been previously mixed with one teaspoon of flour. Salt and pepper to taste. Cover and cook slowly for fifteen minutes. Before turning into serving dish, mix one teaspoon of chop-chopped parsley with potatoe.

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